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BRANDON
BURKEEN

Editor's Note:

One day I found myself sitting in a chair, with a towel wrapped around my bare chest and neck in the house of my friend's girlfriend, with my friend and his girlfriend holding a pair of sheep clippers to the side of my head while he said, "Trust me."

Now, as far as I can figure the circumstances leading up to that event had absolutely nothing to do with getting my hair cut (at least I don't think so). In fact, if I remember correctly, our original intention was to listen to loud music, thrash around obnoxiously in his girlfriend's house, and torture the neighbors by leaving the window curtains open.

However, I don't think we achieved our goal. Steve tells me, "G.M., I need the sides of my head shaved. You up for it?" I say why not, but in the end his girlfriend did the actual procedure. Then, after his hair turned out rather decent (in fact, I really liked it), he turns to me and says, "You know, your hair is getting long on the sides. You want it cut?"

I cautiously reached up to feel the side of my head and, sure enough, it was rather long. My original intention with my hair was to keep the sides shaved, but grow the top long enough to cover the shaved parts. I was also beginning to get the hair in the front of my head to just the length I wanted, and I felt that the sides, as well as the back, could use a little shave.

I said, "Sure. But only the sides and back. Don't cut anything else."

So I sat down with the towel wrapped around my chest (theoretically, I should have felt really safe) and let Steve go to work.

After a minute and two oopps later, Steve pulls a large portion of my hair all in one direction, asks me to turn in the other, and begins mumbling something to his girlfriend about hair and how mine would look really cool a certain way.

This is where I had to step in. I had a way I wanted my hair. After all, it was my hair, and I should at least be able to keep it the way I wanted it. I said, "What are you talking about?"

Steve attempted, unsuccessfully, to explain this idea he had about my hair, and it was then I was struck with the realization that Steve had absolutely no hair cutting experience whatsoever.

I told him, "No, I would really prefer to keep my hair this way." He begged and pleaded with me, telling me that it would really look good. He said, "Do you trust me?"

Something inside of me told me that this was my friend, and that he would have no real intentions of making me physically look bad. Not that it was the biggest thing on my mind; I haven't really been concerned with what is "in" or "out" since the seventh grade when not only was I trying to be like everyone else because I wanted to fit in, but I was doing that because everyone else was.

So I eventually convinced myself that I could indeed trust Steve. I said, "Okay, but please don't change the length of the hair."

He looked at my hair a little longer and said, "Not a problem." (Please take into consideration that this is not the actual dialogue, but is a very close facsimile thereof.)

So he and his girlfriend went to work. Then came a series of oopps, followed by some laughing and some, "Well, we'll just do the same thing over here." And then, eventually, a large chunk of my hair from the front fell in my lap.

What I wanted out of the haircut was no longer possible, and it was then that he finished the job the best he could, and gave me the haircut that I now have, the one I don't like much.

Not that it was a bad haircut. If I looked in the mirror and used a comb to adjust the hair a bit I could make my hair look pretty good. I even had some people tell me that. The haircut was a good one, and I couldn't argue with that.

But I still didn't have the haircut that I wanted, and that made all the difference in the world.

The whole haircut fiasco made me angry, but not at Steve; Steve made an honest mistake and I've done that before too so I can relate. But I was mad because something I wanted I couldn't have. It frustrated me to the point I wanted to destroy things. I wanted to yell, "FUCK!" loud enough so everyone could hear me, and know that I

was on the rampage.

I think that evening ended with me listening to a very good piece of electronic music called Fixed, and I almost thrashed around in my room ripping it apart as I did if it hadn't been for the fact that everyone in the house was asleep, and the only reason I didn't do that is because I was already in some trouble for being a little late that night and didn't want to get in more trouble. I fact, I do that a lot; avoid doing things I want to do because I know I'll get in trouble.

Through the music I thought, and through the thoughts came an idea for some more pieces of writing, and that made my anger subside. I focused on the stories, and the ideas that seemed to pop up faster than I could entertain them. It was great. Anger provoked constructiveness. I felt like a god.

The point is things are screwed. Especially in this school, because nothing goes the way anybody wants it to. The curriculum it fucked, the teachers, the ones that do care, don't have the resources to be good ones, and the ones that do have the resources could probably care less. But that's the way it is. We have to deal with it.

But it still sucks.

So I say screw it. I say forget all the stuff that's going on and I say get down to what counts: us. What we think, what we do, and how we do it. We may all realize that there isn't a whole hell of a lot that any of us can do about the current system, but we sure can do a whole lot about most everything else.

So get out and write. Get out and enjoy yourself. Take that screwed haircut and wear some outstanding hats to cover it up. Just do something other than realizing the problem is there, because if you don't then it just gets worse.

Okay, I'm off my soapbox now, down to business.

Circumstances have made it possible to print not only this issue, but one more issue of the ever popular Bob's Annex! (Yeaaaaahhhh, BOB!) In this issue I managed to get some more art from Brandon Burkeen, some stories by Steven Todd, some poems by S. Eller, and I whipped out a quick little piece for you.

The last issue will have to be short like the first two, but I would like to see some submissions if you've got them (art would be nice). Length is not really a problem, but I do have to keep the Annex reasonable (under forty pages).

This one's a quicky but goodie. Hope you like it.

Until next time, this is Austin Rich, and I am outta here!

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Bob's Annex

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I've no idea
what I've written
here. O with
character.



NME Die
Fingertip Your
teeth

God
is
Gay

Ever
single
person
left
Is
Dead

Think
while
it's
cheap.

Fuck is a word that only offends
people afraid of the truth.

anti-Nike

Now I have a
Machine Gun too.

Liars tell
the truth

God to An
ignorant Nation

Listen up
God.

Help me, I'm

Give your mind
the drug it needs

Love fast, live young, die in a different
world

Clashed
sanity
starves

confused, frightened,

Administration
Suck

and utterly Worried

Helmet's
Unite

Aren't
You
Normal?

about the decisions

Bite us
Fist
Buck

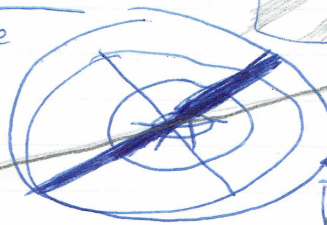
Sucked

It's
just
A word
Any more

I've Made.

Shame is
Bliss

I have the
right to an
Education
too.



Meaningful
sex

Jesus

Save
Them

Amhk, Amhk.

Hello
Zeus

U3

A.C.R.O.N.Y.M.

The Wall

Special Thanks To:

A.C.R.O.N.Y.M.

The Bob's Annex Staff: Brandon Burkeen, Steven Todd, S. Eller

And my cohort and co-editor, (by the by, when do you start actually co-editing this thing?)

Kittens

by Steven Todd

I am sixteen now and i just moved to my mother's house. She lives on fifteen acres of mostly empty land. We have two horses birds. Oh yea, we also have cats.

Some years ago before I became reacquainted with my real mother she got a few small birds that sparked a fire that now is a pretty good business. She has a two section aviary and an isolated section in both the large red barn and the back porch of our double wide mobile home.

On the farm we have a lot of cats. We have right around sixteen cats that come right away when they hear the food being dumped into the tub we use to feed i estimate that we have right around seventy-five that come onto the property at one point or another during the day. That is to many cats to try to feed and to keep track of who has kittens and who doesn't.

When I was still living with my father he let us have a siamese cat for a short time. After this "kitten" unsuccessfully tried to raise her first litter of kittens she began getting mischievous and it was promptly decided that we would find a new home for this cat other than my father's small home. This was the first cat that ever got put on the farm to my knowledge it that she left there promptly after that.

On one of my summer vacations moving to mother's i talked her into taking a tabby home that one of our friend's had. This cat was not shy and you could pick her up solely by any part of her body, including the tail, pet her and she would still purr. This cat was the base of our cat population today. This cat was shot one day because it was not afraid of the noise that was killing the other cats in an attempt to reduce the population while it was at an all time high.

Today the cats seemed to get more and more stupid because of inbreeding. Their mothers aren't raising them properly and the cats seem to be on the side of checks and balances where the population drops to near extinction. I am sure that the population will be lower next summer because no kitten has survived yet.

Lady, that is our dog, is very smart. She is intelligent enough to care deeply for the cats even when we don't. She was the first to notice the kittens were dying. While going outside for a short breath of air one night I was shocked to find two kittens dying on the front porch. Lady was there looking up at me as if asking if I could help these soon to be dead kittens. I immediately told my mother about the kittens and she took them up and gave them to Ernie, her husband.

I don't know if those two kittens were dead that night that he buried them.

I inquired the next day if it was possible to feed kittens by hand instead of depending on the mother to do it. After I had heard enough directions I came to the conclusion that there was no way that my mother was going to let me hand feed the kittens, let alone buy the special formula. I was right.

That day the next dead kitten was found dying in the tub that we feed the cats in. Nobody told me or even cared to think twice about it. Maybe they were just hoping that it would all go away. Maybe they were hoping that the mother had just misplaced the kitten and would come back for it just after they left the barn.

A number of other kittens have died since. One just outside the barn and also one inside. Their mothers never came back to claim them either.

Today when going out to work cleaning out the aviaries I saw three more kittens. I was not going to leave the kittens and try to dismiss them from my mind. I agreed to dig a hole if mother would bring the kittens down. She agreed and I dug the hole.

I don't know what is going to happen next year. Mother has tried to condone me by saying that it was no big loss, that we have been going through too much cat food and that we will have less cats next year. Nice try mom.

I don't know if there is yet a kitten dying that we haven't found yet. I don't know if I can sleep tonight feeling content that I have done the right thing. All that I do know is that I will probably remember this for the rest of my life. I would remember most of all those six kittens I buried today looking up at me, waving that last weak paw telling me that they were still alive, not dirt over them, and I did it anyway.

Brandon
Burke



Sweet anonymity

by S. Eller

Sweet anonymity is not mine
my reputation precedes me
has it spread to thine?

Do you wish that I was not one
of your adorers?
I assure you all in fun

After all we are just children
in this world
Parents' mistakes not made again

they do not allow us peace
we are but goslings to
our parent geese

at any rate my love
the address of this poem:
send I now on whitest dove

my message all composed
of good and new love'
just for you transposed

I, unique, wish for you
sweet adoration
from more men, yet new

the more the merrier
an unsimple choice
but in good choice house I no fear

for you are wise and no one doubts
that you will be right
be you right in all of your routes

Again I say, has my reputation
preceded me
Are you to cause tribulation

In my heart there is a yearning
in your eyes I hope
I am your adoration earning

I after all am a good man
and seldom do you see
such a loyal fan

After all you, the one dove
that is sweetest
does earn the very best love

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The Prisoner

by Austin Rich

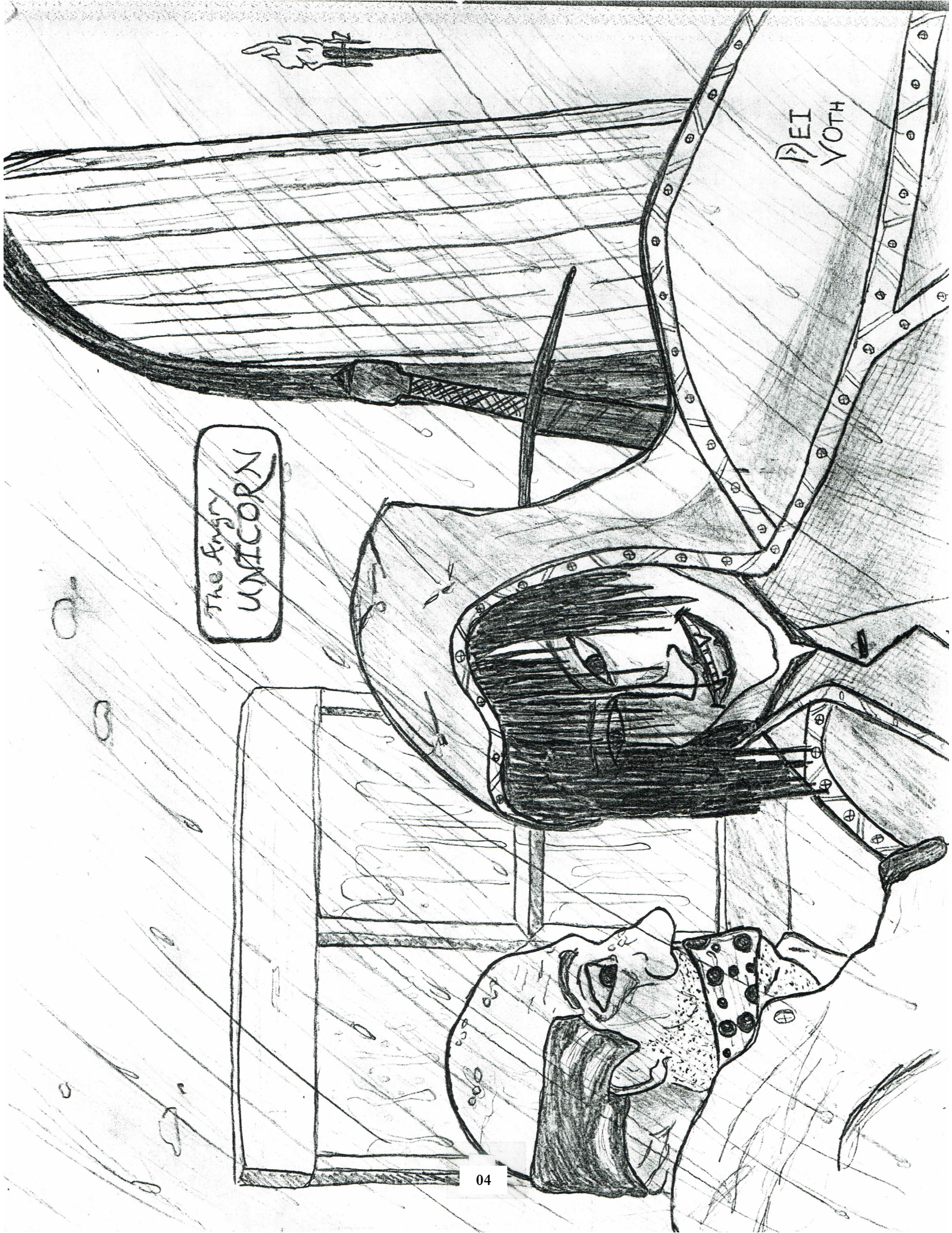
I found myself mindlessly jotting words on this paper after mindlessly showing up to class again after another mindless and apparently insignificant morning at school. Today, bullshit in its most influential form ran rampant again, and only the people who were smart enough to ask "Why?" saw it before they were punished for doing so.

Minds are being molded. Thoughts being shaped. Ideas that were once creative and fresh are being mutated into a sick and perverse belief system called "Humanism." Children are being almost brainwashed into conforming to the idea that, "the human race, the advancement of Society itself is more important than, literally, anything."

The majority, sure, they say they are unique. They all yell and say, "Hey, I have my own identity!" But they all come whimpering back the next day, crawling back to the same plate of food. Little mongrel dogs living off of unenticing food, not knowing any other kind when the higher life form can tell it's just a bunch of shit.

Today I took a step back to find that the world only cared if I did do what it wanted. No recognition for trying something new. They don't seem to care if you mourn the death of a person, but if you didn't then they would care. Just enough to destroy your psyche with remarks like, "That's not normal!" For once I'd like to see how it was if a person was not antagonized because he has a different belief system than another.

The teacher is coming and I have already been warned once that if I don't read the "literature" they have assigned that I will fail this unit of the course. She fails to understand that I have ideas, and concepts that are even beyond myself at times, and that a normal "American" (yet another word with blurred meaning) education does not apply. I need time to postulate and grow as a person and not a clone.



The Angry
UNICORN

DEI
VOth

Unfortunately I will never be able to show this to anyone. Not even my friends, for fear that the ridicule will never end. People like them are not truly my friends, but merely classmates that agree with my occasionally. But something like this would be beyond them. I would just be condemned for thinking such blasphemy.

So I write this to the future. I hope that in time, after I die (for that is the only way I can really avoid punishment) people, not just students, will look at this and question themselves. Will they live in a really and honestly “free thought” Society. Or will they, to, be forced to conform to a belief system or be punished?

I must go now. The teacher is upon me.

The Song and Dance of Death

by Steven Todd

I heard the singing from afar. Long I lied in the searing desert sun listening to the singing. Originally I thought to myself that this was surely some trick of the mind and this singing was not real. After all it had appeared audible. It was not as though I walked into the sound. I was crawling and it just made itself heard, at its current volume.

I lay there all day, perhaps contemplating that I was suffering some side effect of drinking the blood of my former best friend, Flictan the camel. I told myself that this selfish act of cruelty was causing me to go insane. After sipping a small bit from my water skin I concentrated on not vomiting which, until recently, I had been some what unsuccessful at.

Later when nightfall threatened to freeze my previously scorched body I began moving to the incessant singing that had managed to keep me awake all through the day when I should have been sleeping. I could see as I topped the was traveling over that the person singing was jovial and seemed to be dancing around a large, bright bonfire.

Nearly midway through the night I reached the crest of a small plateau that formed part of what looked like an amphitheater with a small hill in the middle on which the fire was and the person, an old man I could see clearly now, was dancing.

After I had knelt watching him for a while he came to the front of his fire, faced me and bowed after which he merrily sat down and seemed to beckon me with his eyes.

I waited patiently for what seemed like hours but was probably no more than a half hour; all the while the jovial old man was grinning and staring so that he seemed to be a realistic statue of some kind.

At that point the old man began laughing with such a ferocity that I feared he may begin to have heart trouble and I would feel obliged to go and help him in his misery. When he was through laughing and seemed to regain some stature he said, “Come, come. A soldier like you needs some rest and some merriment.”

He obviously knew that I was there and so without further adieu I propped myself up, checked my uniformed body for dirt, and began walking towards the old man and the fire.

“And your name is Canigan, William Canigan, first officer in charge of the 2nd Battalion of fighter pilots in the Aeronautical Navy of the United Arab Emirates,” the old man who now was standing with what appeared to be a mocking smile.

“How did you know all of that?” I barked as I checked to make sure that my name was indeed scratched off of my shirt sleeve.

“You will know shortly.”

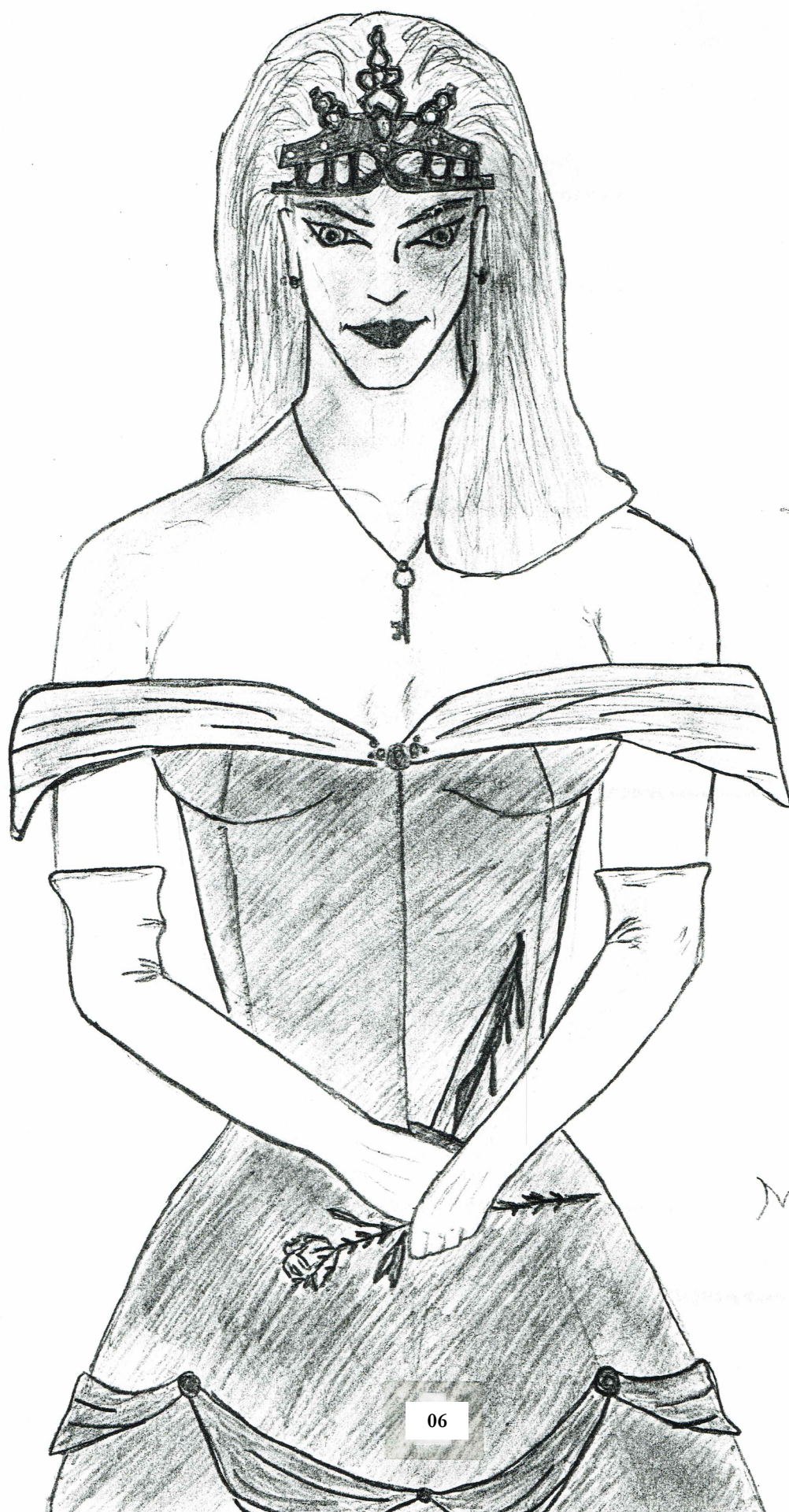
He began dancing around the fire again and soon I found myself compelled to do the same. I stood still not allowing my muscles to jerk into motion as long as I could at which point I jumped into action and began dancing in a seemingly organized, chaotic fashion.

I danced there with the old man for hours, never seeming to tire or rest to eat or drink. After a while the old man beckoned me to stop and come near him where he was beginning to sit. He asked me if I ever wondered what it was like to become immortal. I said that I had thought of that and he sat there in silence no longer with a smile on or a happy face but a face of a man deep in thought.

He said, “You now are.”

“I now am what?” I squawked at him

“Immortal.”



Morgan
Reith

The old man leapt up at me with such tremendous velocity that the fact that he did not knock me over with his sheer might surprised me into tears, but the fact he jumped into me is what caused me to lay face down in the sand for hours crying as if I was a small boy begging for the loving care of a nurse-maid.

I had been violated beyond belief or comprehension. There is no way that anything could compare to being possessed.

I know now that many men before me had been possessed here and that this was the feeding ground for some entity of possessed souls. I now knew every feeling that had been felt around that fire from the present back to the beginning of civilization.

I began singing and dancing the ancient rituals that I knew by heart because of thousands of years of practice. I would sing and dance from night fall until night fall endlessly for years.

Possible a century went by before another man was walking through the heard the mysterious calling song. Maybe he was a soldier like I once was or perhaps just a lone traveler or explorer.

I called him and I glared at him with that sheepish smile much the same way the old man had done to me. I called him, I got him fooled into believing everything and then i possessed him much the same way my predecessor had done to me.

To this day I do not know why I had felt then so compelled to possess another man. Maybe it was for vengeance against the old man, originally. Now all I felt was relief that I may now rest and find comfort with only my memories left behind and the respect for death that I had nearly been denied. We all think at one point or another that we would like to live forever but the horrors associated with immortality can cause a man to do anything to gain such a thing as death.

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Incesticide

by Kurdt Cobain

A while ago, I found myself in bloody exhaust grease London again with an all-consuming urge to hunt for two rare things: back issues of NME rumored to be secretly hidden in glass casings and submerged in the fry vats of every kebab machine in the U.K.and the very-out-of-print first Raincoats LP.

The NME search was a clever, saucy upstart of an attempt to be, uh, nasty. However, the Lord and Julian Cope himself know how we need, need, need, the NME to embrace the unifying hands of our children across this big blue marble and NIRVANA's tarty musical career. So please bless us again -- we'll forever feed off of your high-calorie boggy turbinates.

In an attempt to satisfy the second part of my quest, I went to the Rough Trade shop and, of course, found no Raincoats record in the bin. I then asked the woman behind the counter about it and she said "well, it happens that I'm neighbors with Anna (member of the Raincoats) and she works at an antique shop just a few miles from here." So she drew me a map and I started on my way to Anna's.

Sometime later, I arrived at this elfin shop filled with something else I've compulsively searched for over the past few years -- really old fucked up marionette-like wood carved dolls (quite a few hundred years old). Lots of them... I've fantasized about finding a shop filled with so many. They wouldn't accept my credit card but the dolls were really way too expensive anyway. Anna was there, however, so I politely introduced myself with a fever-red face and explained the reason for my intrusion. I can remember her mean boss almost setting me on fire with his glares. She said "well, I may have a few lying around so, if I find one, I'll send it to you (very polite, very English)." I left feeling like a dork, like I had violated her space, like she probably thought my band was tacky.

A few weeks later I received a vinyl copy of that wonderfully classic scripture with a personalized dust sleeve covered with xeroxed lyrics, pictures, and all the members' signatures. There was also a touching letter from Anna. It made me happier than playing in front of thousands of people each night, rock-god idolization from fans,

music industry plankton kissing my ass, and the million dollars I made last year. It was one of the few really important things that I've been blessed with since becoming an untouchable boy genius.

It was as rewarding as touring with Shonen Knife and watching people practically cry with joy at their honesty. It made people happy and it made me happy knowing that I had helped bring them to the UK.

It was as rewarding as the last Vaselines show in Edinburgh. They reformed just to play with us in their home town, probably having no idea how exciting and flattering it was for us (and how nervous we were to meet them).

It was as rewarding as being asked to support Sonic Youth on two tours, totally being taken under their wing and being showed what dignity really means.

It was as rewarding as the drawings Daniel Johnston sent me, or the Stinky Puffs single from Jad Fair's son, or playing on the same bill as Greg Sage in L.A., or being asked to help produce the next Melvins record, or being on the Wipers' compilation, or Thor from T.K. giving me a signed first edition of *Naked Lunch*, or making a friend like Stephen Pavlovic -- our Australian tour promoter who sent me a Mazzy Star LP on vinyl, or playing "The Money Will Roll Right In" with Mudhoney, or having the power to insist on bringing Bjorn Again to the Reading Festival, or being able to afford to bring my friend Ian along on tour just to have a good time, or paying Calamity Jane five-thousand dollars to be heckled by twenty thousand macho boys in Argentina, or asking my friends Fits Of Depression to play with us at The Seattle Coliseum, or playing with Poison Idea at a No On Nine benefit in Portland organized by Gus Van Zandt, or being a part of one of L7's pro-choice benefits in L.A., or kissing Chris and Dave on Saturday Night Live just to spite the homophobes, or meeting Iggy Pop, or playing with The Breeders, Urge Overkill, the T.V. Personalities, The Jesus Lizard, Hole, Dinosaur Jr., etc.

While all these things were very special, none were half as rewarding as having a baby with a person who is the supreme example of dignity, ethics and honesty. My wife challenges injustice and the reason her character has been so severely attacked is because she chooses not to function the way the white corporate man insists. His rules for women involve her being submissive, quiet, and non-challenging. When she doesn't follow his rules, the threatened man (who, incidentally, owns an army of devoted traitor women) gets scared.

A big "fuck you" to those of you who have the audacity to claim that I'm so naive and stupid that I would allow myself to be taken advantage of and manipulated.

I don't feel the least bit guilty for commercially exploiting a completely exhausted Rock youth Culture because, at this point in rock history, Punk Rock (while still sacred to some) is, to me, dead and gone. We just wanted to pay tribute to something that helped us to feel as though we had crawled out of the dung heap of conformity. To pay tribute like an Elvis or Jimi Hendrix impersonator in the tradition of a bar band. I'll be the first to admit that we're the 90's version of Cheap Trick or the Knack but the last to admit that it hasn't been rewarding.

At this point I have a request for our fans. If any of you in any way hate homosexuals, people of different color, or women, please do this one favor for us -- leave us the fuck alone! Don't come to our shows and don't buy our records.

Last year, a girl was raped by two wastes of sperm and eggs while they sang the lyrics to our song "Polly". I have a hard time carrying on knowing there are plankton like that in our audience. Sorry to be so anally P.C. but that's the way I feel.

Love,

Kurdt (the blonde one)